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CHURCHYARD'S

MISERY OF FLANDERS,

ETC.

1579.

SHREWSBURY:

REPRINTED BY ADNITT AND NAUNTON, BOOKSELLERS.

1876.

Only 75 Copies Printed.

BODLEIAN
12 3 JUL 1980
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This reprint of a scarce work of our townsman, Thomas Churchyard, is issued with the hope that it may lead to a complete edition of his numerous works being undertaken, either by a society or by private enterprise.

At present Churchyard's works cannot be obtained, and when on rare occasions any of his books have been offered for sale, very high prices have been realised. At Heber's sale (pt. iv. 363) the work, of which this is a reprint, realised £13 13s.

It only remains to be added that the work is printed as nearly in *fac-simile* as the resources of a country printing office and modern types will allow. In only one place has the printing been altered, viz.:—in the Dedication, which in the original occupies two pages only.

H. W. ADNITT.

Shrewsbury,
1876.

THE MISERIE

OF FLAVNDERS, CA-

lamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of

Portugall, Unquietnes of Irelande,

Troubles of Scotlande:

And the blessed State

of ENGLANDE.

Written by Tho. Church-
yarde Gent.

1579.

¶ *Imprinted at London for Andrewe Maunsell,*
dwellyng in Paules Church-yard at
the Signe of the
Parret.

TO THE QVEENES MOST excellent Maieſtie, Thomas Churchyard, *wiſheth all heauenly bleſſedneſſe, worldly felicitie, and vnremouable good Fortune.*

HAuyng a duetifull deſire, moſte redoubted ſoueraigne, to be daily exercised in some seruisable deuice and action (that maie please my Prince and countrey) I neither spare paines nor season, to purchace through practise of pen, and ſtudie of heade, my deſired hope.

But waiyng the greatneſſe of your Maiestie and Princely iudgement, I am to seeke, not onely what woordes dooeth best become me, but likewise what woorkes I ſhould present, especially to her highneſſe, that hath suche giftes

from the heauens, as all our earthly imaginations, & base matter here belowe, maie of right giue place vnto.

And to offer any present where suche parfections doe abounde, and the fountaine of many graces dooeth freely flowe, the presumption were greate, and the boldeneſſe scarce pardonabel. Yet moſte gracious Ladie, albeit I dare not bryng water to the well heade of knowledge, and comfortable spryng (from whence all kinde of people doe drawe succour and releef) yet my hope is, that my humble and vpright meanyng (of this my woorke) ſhall finde fauour in your highneſſe ſight.

In whiche worke I compare, Flaunders, Fraunce, Portugall, Irelande, and Scotlande, *to bee the ſhell of a precious Nutte, the sweete Kirnell whereof is the bleſſed state of ENGLANDE. And though with worldly wickedneſſe, and troubles of our tyme, the goodly shell is somewhat wormeatn and cracked, the Kirnell ſhewes it self so sounde, that Gods greate goodneſſe & glorie is partly or altogether therein expreſſed.*

And

And now by my verses and description is onely touched (by all curtuous and reuerent meanes) but the troubles and misfortunes of euery countrie aparte, goyng no further in any frase of speeche, then Chriſtian zeale, loue, and duetie maie commaunde a good minde to sette out, as knoweth our liuyng Lorde, who sende your Maieſtie many good and gracious newe yeres, with a bleſſed and prosperous olde raigne ouer vs.

FINIS.

THE MISERIE of Flaunders.

HE ſoile and welthie ſeate,
where people plentie founde,
w ſcarcities ſcorge is plaged ſore,
and made a barraine grounde:
Where fruitfull pleaſures greate,
was lookt for in our daies,
And where for wealthe, & worthie thyngs,
did ronne our worldly praiſe.
O what a chaunge is this,
that neighbours mourne therefore,
And forraine foes are greeu'd at harte,
to ſee the cureleſſe ſore:
That now no ſence can ſalue,
nor witte can helpe in haſte,
Nor man maie ſone, by force reforme,
till warrs and will maks waſte,
O Hauocke Reuells ſonne,
and Riotte ſiſter dere:
To foule miſrule, a mother vice,
that raignde full many a yere.
In vieu and corners cloaſe,

The miſerie

O nourſe of noughtie prancks:
And needleſſe pains and labour loſte,
that can deſerue no thanks.
Why ſhould I blame abuſe,
where Gods greate wrath bears ſwaie,
And peoples heads, will haue it ſo,
and worldlie witts decaie:
So ronnyng on the race,
of crooked careleſſe ſtepps,
Out goes good order at a iompe,
and in rude maner lepps.
That at his firſte rebounde,
ſhaks all in ſonder ſtreight:
And eche thyng cracks, that feels the force,
of wilfull hauocks weight.
Now leaue that long diſcourſe,
that hatefull hauocks bryngs:
(By means of rage, and revell route)
and ſpeake of other thyngs.
That Flaunders groens to feele,
and ſondrie ſighe to ſee:
And none but wails that weyes the weight,
of ſtaets in eche degree.
Why ſhould riche Flaunders now,
to Fortune, poore give place:
That had the harte, and happe with all,

from

from harmes to holde her face,
Among the beſte of name,
that wealthie ſtate could ſhowe:
Doe aſke no more but leaue the cauſe,
to hym that all doeth knowe.
Yet I with ſpeeches free,
maie tell what troubles are:
In Flaunders now, for that their broils,
began of countries care.
And matters fitte for penne,
awhile to treate vpon:
Good Whetſtons for to sharpe dull witts,
the reſte I looke not on.
That ſeru's for ſpeciall ſpreetts,
that ſeeth through Moone and Starre:
So thus to leaue of weightie thyngs,
and come to Flaunders warre.
(That worlde bewails and weeps,
that ſees thereof the ende:
And knowes that head and ſhoulders muſt,
their countries cauſe defende.)
My muſe bidds me bee bolde,
for therein wants no ſkill:
To vſe apt woords, and ſearche out works,
to ſtraine the ynkehorne quill.
For cauſes knowne to worlde,

then why if men maie aſke,
Doeth Flaunders learne the doleſull daunce,
and comes in open maſke,
With drom and trompet loude,
to wake the worlde from ſleepe:
That at ſweete reſte and peace will laugh,
and at ſowre warre will weepe.
Why doeth freends faule at iarre,
and ſlide in ſects by ſwarms.
And heapyng miſcheef on their heads,
are grounde of their owne harms.
Why leaps ſome from their holde,
and taks the weakeſt parte:
And ſo forſaketh God and man,
to winne a worlde by arte.
Why haells the horſſes wrong,
that in right courſe ſhould goe.
Why doe the wiſe heads embrace ſelf will,
and weaue a webbe of woe:
The cauſe doeth ſhewe it ſelf,
for where diſſention is,
There are fewe matters well in frame,
and many thyngs amis:
Now is no nother noyes,
but howlyng vp and downe:
And doubt and daunger bryngs greate feare,

in

in many a noble towne.
Now wanders peoples mynds,
like waues of troubled seas:
And neither man nor childe God wot,
is free from warrs diseas.
Death dwells in eche mans dore,
and threatens mischeeus greate:
The riche but maeks a hongrie meale,
the poore he starus for meate.
Was neuer seen suche want,
in any soile before:
And seawe haue little commyng in,
but spendeth on the store.
The Soldiour liu's by spoile,
the Marchaunts trade is don:
The Plowman letts the plowe alone,
and out poore people ron:
As though that men were madde,
and knowe not where to goe:
In doubt to finde a faithfull freend,
and sure to meete a foe.
The *Pater noster* men,
or *Mal content*, thei saie:
Hath brought our people suche a plague,
as breeds their whole decaie.
Eche Christian harte doeth weepe

The miſerie

to knowe the carefull cace:
Of Flaunders now, who to the chaunge,
of worldlie chaunce giu's place.

FINIS.

THE CALAMITIE of Fraunce.

What Kyngdome maie,
compare with wofull Fraunce,
Whose ciuill warres,
did laste God wot too long:
The mightie men,
thereby felt greate mischaunce,
The feeble folke,
were forcst to suffer wrong,
And no estate, was free from scath and foile,
Suche furie raingde, in rage of peoples mynds,
The weaklyngs went, to ruin, to wracke, and spoile,
As trees be torne, with blast and whirlyng wynds,
Strong goodly tounes, were beaten doune to grounde
Hye walls and towers, were battred flat as Lake,
When trompetts blast, and drum did slaughter sounde,
And bloudie blade, did wicked murther make.
O listen now, and heare my tale a while,
The warrs of Fraunce, so sharpe and cruell weare,
The sonne hymself, the father would begile,
And brother still, of brother stoode in feare,
With poison foule, and murther euery wheare.

The calamitie

The countrey through, was ſpred and plaged ſore,
And for to make, the ſcourge and miſcheef more,
One frende by craſte, the other would betraie,
And ſuretie none, in Princes pallaice ſtoode,
The houſe of God, where people ought to praie,
And aulter ſtone, was daiely ſtainde with blood.
The ſtreats was filde, with corſes vilie ſlaine,
And in the ſtreame, and ſloud the babes were ſlong,
And Ladies throats, with kniues were cutte in twaine.
There was no hope, when larumbell was rong,
Bothe wiues with childe, and little children yong,
Were ſtabbed in, with Daggers diuers waies,
Some from their bedds, were ſloung a mid the ſtreete,
Suche murthers Lorde, were in thoſe bloodie daies:
As women laie, without a cloute or ſheete,
(All deade and bare, a rufull ſight to ſee)
In open plaine, yea men of auncient yeers,
Were mangled ſore, and ſome of high degree:
And noble race, and of the *Douze* Peers,
Were naked leſte, and wounded to the death,
And goodlie girlls, laie groulyng voide of breath:
In market place, the furie was ſo greate,
The rage was ſuche, that none might ſcape the ſworde
Nor nothyng could, ne coole nor quenche the heate:
Of Ciuill warre, that bothe at bedde and borde:
Was bloodie ſtill, and yet the more was ſlaine,

The

The more the broile, and greef began againe,
To tell you all, their battailes here a rowe,
Would moue your minde, and heauie harte to tears,
At ſondrie tymes, their owne reporte doeth ſhowe,
(And good recorde, thereof true witneſſe bears.)
Thei loſt in feeld, twoo hundreth thousande men,
Yet ſtill their mindes, on murther ran so faſte,
Thei went about, nothyng but bloodſhed then,
To fight it out, as long as life might laſte,
Reuenge did woorke, and weaue an endleſſe webbe,
Desire of will, a wofull threede did ſpinne,
The floode of hate, that neuer thinks of ebbe,
A ſwellyng Sea, of ſtrife brought gulhyng in.
The rooted wrathe, had ſpred suche braunches out,
That leaues of loue, were blaſted on the bowe,
Yet ſpitfull twiggs, began so faſte to ſprout,
That from the harte, the tree was rotten throwe.
No kindly ſappe, did comforte any ſpraie.
Bothe barke and ſtocke, and bodie did decaie.
So that it seemde, the ſoile infected was,
With malice moods, that ſmells of miſcheef greate,
Their golden lande, was tournde to ruſtie Bras:
And eche thyng wrought, as God had curſt the ſeate,
The ground thought ſcorne, to bryng forth frute in time
The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no corne,
Like Winter foule, became the Sommers Prime,

The calamitie

The pleasant plotts, brought forth wilde brier & thorn
With Raine and storme, the lande was vexed still,
The ire of God, the people could not shunne,
Greate grewe the greef, that came by headstrong will,
And all these plagues, by proude conceite begonne,
That thought to rule, perhapps past reasons lore,
Create that who please, my muse not framde therefore:
Of warrs and woe, I meane my penne to straine,
In breef discourse, for *Wisedomes* vieu alone,
I skippe ouer doubts, I dare not be to plaine,
Least fire flie out, from flinte and stricken stone.
Those broills abroche, the realme ran all to ruen:
The heads wax sicke, the members were amis,
The notes were nought, the song was out of tune,
And badde is best, where suche rude Musick is.
Blood was so sought, that Butcherie boare the swaie,
A man and beast, were waied bothe a like:
The Shepe must dye, the Wolfe would haue his praie,
The riche would rule, the poore must passe the pike,
The house must burne, that could not make defence,
The head must of, that had more witte then needs,
The fullest baggs, were searched for their pence,
The vains were sought, that moste the humour feeds,
The good might starue, the badde found all the grace,
The wise might walke abroade, and tell the trees,
The saunyng fooles, were moste prefarde in place:

The

The Waſpes would ſucke, the honie from the Bees,
And to be plaine, abuſe in all degrees,
Bred nought but warre, and nouriſht ſuche debate,
That all to torne, did lye that noble ſtate.
And when one race, or noble houſe did riſe,
With force of armes, to make reuolte or ſtoer,
Tenne thousande ſtockt, as thicke as ſtarrs in ſkies.
About the ſtreats, before the Princes doore,
No woords might ſerue, nor reason could preuaile:
The people waſte, as wilde as chafed Deere,
Yea though thei heard, their wiues bothe wepe & waile,
Their children crie, their frends make mournyng chere
To bloodie fight, in furie fell thei all,
And though on heaps, dead coarſes laie in vieu,
The people made, accounte thereof but ſmall.
For battaile did, but malice ſtill renue.
A greate mans death, coſte many ſmall mens liues,
A ſmall offence, did make a greate adoo,
When men forget, their children and their wiues,
And madlie faulls, to hate their countrey too.
A little ſparke, will make a marueilous fire,
And then bothe Prince, and Lawe is out of minde:
Good rule is drounde, and children doo conſpire,
Their fathers deaths, and kinſmen out of kinde,
Doo turne and change, as weather Cocke with winde.
O Fraunce, who lookes, vpon thy bloodie waies,

And notes but halfe, the pageant thou haſt plaied:
Will be therefore, the wiſer all their daies,
Or at the leaſt, will howrely bee afraied.
To plaie ſuche pranks, as thou poore France haſt doon
Thou hadſt a tyme, and wretched race to run.
For others weale, that can good warnyng take,
Thy neighbours haue, had laiſure to regarde,
The harms of thee, and ſo a mirrour make:
Of thy greate doole, aud dulfull deſtinie harde,
Can greater plagues, bee ſeen in any ſoile:
Then, reueil rage, and hauocke every waie,
A ciuill warre, with wicked waiſte and ſpoile.
A deadlie botche, that ſtriks ſtoute harte by daie.
And kills by night, the harmles in his bedde,
O ciuill warre, thou haſt a Hidras hedde:
A Uipers kinde, a Serpentes nature throwe,
A Spiders ſhape, a forme of vglie Tode:
A Deuliſhe face, a ſhameleſſe blotted browe,
A bloodie hande, at home and eke abrode.
And if a man, would painte a monſter right,
Set out in ſhape, but eiuill warre to fight:
Painte all the harms, that cruell murther bryngs,
And ſure that Snake, will ſhewe ten thousande ſtings.
A man maie not, in colours ſetforthe well,
A rude reuolt, a wretched ciuill brawll:
He were as good, aſſaie to painte out hell,

And

And ſeeke to ſhewe, the ſorts of torments all,
That fillie ſouls, doo feele with damned ſpreetts.
Who ſees reuolte, in feeld or ciuill ſtreetts,
Will thinke he meetts, madd doggs diſgiſde like men,
Or els wilde Wolues, that liues in ſauage woode:
It paſſeth witte, and cunnyng arte of pen,
To blaſe out warrs, began on mortall foode.
And namely broills, that breeds in publike ſtate,
The cauſe whereòf, bothe God and man doeth hate.
O Fraunce the flowre, and gardaine of the earth,
The ſoile of wealthe, and topp of triumphe all:
Where is become, thy paſtyme and thy mirthe,
Thy glorie greate, that worldlie ioyes we call.
Hath wilde reuolt, made tame thy gallants gaie,
Fie on that braule, that breeds ſo greate a fraie.
Fie on that warre, that bryngs riche people bare.
And foule beſaule, the birds that files their neaſte,
Reuolte bryngs realms, and mightie kyngs in care,
And roots vp peace, and plants diſcord in breaſte.
Though wilfull heads, in haſte reuenge will take,
And for ſome ſhreaude, deuiſe drawes out the blade,
Beware through heate, how ciuill warre you make:
It wounds the ſtate, and marrs all honeſt trade,
It rotts ſound harts, and ſpoils eche commonweale,
A cureleſſe ſore, that no ſweete ſalue can heale.
The ſowre miſchaunce, that Fraunce hath felt thereby,

(And

The calamitie

(And ſlaughters greate, whiche laſted many a yere)
Dooth ſtande ſo freſhe, and full before your eye,
That worlde maie ſee, men bought that warre ful dere:
The flood of ſtrife, did run ſo through the realme,
Some dreggs muſt needs, be left behinde the ſtreame,
In whiche deepe droſſe, maie lye more harme then good
God ſhield eche lande, that loues and fears the Lorde,
From ſuche abuſe, and thirſtyng after blood,
And plant therein, ſweete peace and milde accorde:
From whiche pure tree, there ſprings a precious balme,
That keeps of ſtorms, and brynge a quiet calme.

FINIS.

THE MISFORTVNE of Portugalle.

AS Fraunce did ſmarte,
through rage of ciuill warre,
And Flaunders is,
not free from ſuche like foile:
So other foils,
by meane of wicked iarre,
When leaſt is thought, are offred to the ſpoile.
Whoſe wretched ruen, the wiſe doeth daiely rewe,
To make the fonde, reforme their life a newe:
But where was peace, and loue long linked faſte,
And people wart, bothe riche and ſtoute of minde,
If their miſhappe, and miſcheef come at laſte,
What harte in breaſt, or man is ſo vnkinde:
That will not waile, the woe of ſuche a lande,
Who God alone, hath toucht with mightie hande.
In Portugall, befell a dolfull cace,
The ſtraungeſt chaunce, that hath bin heard of late,
There was a kyng, who had greate gifts of grace,
A Princely ſparke, of goodly porte and ſtate:
And as his ſhape, was ſemely to the ſight,

So loe within, his minde was ſhapte a right.
For forme of face, and other outwarde ſhoes,
Were aunſwered full, with greatneſſe of the harte:
And in that Prince, as now report there goes,
Of ſpeciall points, was many a noble parte,
Among the reſte, was one full muche to note,
He ſought no will, nor would of women dote,
Deſirde renowne, and yet deſpiſde delite,
And loathed luſte, yet loude a merrie meane,
To paſtyme bent, yet baniſht pleaſure quite,
And glad to leade, a life moſte pure and cleane.
And alwaies ment, to doe ſome mightie deede,
Againſt the Turkes, ſuche noble mynde he bore:
That of the like, a man maie hardly reede,
And in our daies, was ſeldome ſeen before,
Well, what auails, to blaſe his vertues more.
His minde was ſuche, he would not idle ſitte,
He helde good fame, more worth then heaps of gold:
And to maintaine, his courage and his witte,
Againſt the Mores, a powre prepare he would,
So with his freends, and ſuche as wiſhte hym well,
He ſhippyng tooke, and ſpread the ſeas with ſails,
But now I haue, a wofull tale to tell.
And now in deede, my muſe bothe weeps and wails,
And I myſelf, of right ought be full ſadd,
To ſhewe at large, what ill ſucceſſe he had,

Bothe

Bothe he and his, full safly sette on shore,
On enemies ground, and rangyng where thei would:
His foes hym mette, and fought with hym so sore:
(Whose strength and force, were stronger treble fold.)
That he was slaine, and all his people loste:
And fewe of them, retourned home againe,
Suche was their fate, that fought that curssed coste.
To make vs muse, that doeth a liue remaine,
And make vs knowe, by this greate foughten feeld:
There is no life, but must to Fortune yeeld:
For at one tyme, three kynges made there their end,
But none of them, maie christen men lament:
Saue this good kyng, to whom the Lorde did sende,
A sodaine fall, to our greate discontent.
Yea, waie the losse, and worthe of christen bloode,
An let the case, be throughly vnderstoode.
There was not suche, a losse these hundreth yeers,
Be iudge thereof, that knowes what Princes are:
And of the state, and rule of kyngdoms heers,
And Portugall, thou luckless lande of care,
Be thou the iudge, if I speake trothe or noe,
Looke how thou wilte, thou canst not hide thy woe:
In mournyng blacke, let all thy people goe:
Proclaime a fast, and stretche your hands on hie,
And in the streats, for sorrowe houle and crie,
For since thy kyng, is taken from thee thus,

That was before, ſent thee to thy greate ioye:
There is behinde, a ſorer plague yewus,
If careleſſe heads, of earneſt make a toye.
Could more miſhappe, to any ſoile befall,
Then loſe the Lampe, that gaue the countrey light:
(And in the darke, can finde no torche at all,
Nor candell clere, to walke in Winters night,)
Could Fortune woorke, to men a worſe deſpite:
Then take awaie, their hope and comfort quite.
Could people loſe, a Pearle of greater price:
Then ſuche a Gem, as worlde con ſcarcly ſhowe,
Could Heathen men, wiſhe any worſe deuice,
To vs, then giue, ſo greate an ouerthrowe.
I feare the baebs, that learns their Chriſts croſſe row,
Will quaile for this, when we are in our graue.
The loſſe is yet, like fruite that is but greene,
On goodlie trees, that blaſted is with winde:
But when the want, of apples ſhalbe ſeene,
With more regarde, the matter ſhall we minde.
Leaue that to hym, that gius and taks awaie,
Who can at length, his ſecrte will bewraie.
Now ſheepe from fold, maie ron and meete the wolfe,
Now gide is gone, the flocke to ruen muſt fall:
Now greef paſte cure, comes in through guſhyng golfe,
Now Prince is dead, adue poore Portugall.
Thy date is doen, excepte for deathnie ſtraunge,

God

Of Portugall.

God ſende ſome chaunce, to counterpaiſe the chaunge,
In Skies of late, was ſeen a blaſyng Starre,
A Comete bright, that threatned plags at hande,
Whiche did preſage, perhapps this bloodie warre,
And Plags that are, a brotche in many a lande.
God is diſpleald, and ſure his wrathe is greate,
When Turcks doe ſcorge, and plage the chriſten kings:
This angrie ſigne, and fearfull ſodaine heate,
Yaks wiſemen waie, the weight of further things.
Where mightie trees, are rent with thunder cracke,
With trembiyng feare, the people homeward ronne:
The tempeſts rage, that bryngeth ruen and wracke.
Where daunger is, eche liuyng thyng will ſhonne:
So ſuche as ſee, where plague or warrs encreace,
Will ſeeke for healthe, and praie to liue in peace.

FINIS.

THE VNQVIETNES of Irelande.

TO treate of Irelands toile,
and tell the troubles now,
(and paint you out in proſe or vers,
the countries ſorowe thorowe)
Would ſure containe more tyme
and earneſt matter bothe,
Tha eaſly me would ſpare to ſped
or worlde would thinke a trothe,
For there theſe many yeres,
hath ſtriet in ſtate been ſtorde,
And ſeldome in the quiet ſheath,
can reſte the trenchyng ſworde.
The ſoldiours that are ſent,
to keepe the lande in awe:
Are faine to marche through thicke and thinne,
and after lye in ſtrawe,
And feede on what thei finde,
but loe plaine countreymen,
Doeth faie our horſe, eats vp their corne,
and Coignie now and then.
Waks wife and children crie,

and

and leaus the lande full bare:
Tis hard to knowe if commons poore,
or ſoldiours feels moſte care.
The greef ſo common is,
that eche one beares a peece,
And God he knowes who licks the fatte,
or ſhears awaie the fiece.
But now to tell the toile,
and trauaill ſoldiours take,
To thoſe that knowes not what it means,
it would a wonder make.
For who that there can ſerue,
and ſuffer what doeth fall,
Maie bide the bront of any warre.
in Chriſten kyngdoms all:
The ſtrength and ſtraits are ſuche,
that men muſt paſſe ſomtyme.
The rocks and mountains are ſo ſtraunge,
whereon the ſoldiours clime:
Thei can not well be tolde,
nor numbred here a right.
And touchyng mightie woods and boggs,
I could name ſuche a ſight:
As would you wearie make,
to read or looke vpon,
And who demaunds the trothe of thoſe,

that hath the iourneis gon.
Shall heare a thousande thyngs,
whiche worthie is the note,
The labor, paine, and proof thereof,
will neuer be forgote.
Some feels it in their ioynts,
and shall whiels liues thei beare,
And so be bolde, who tries that soile,
maie venter any where:
For toile doeth daiely growe,
amidde that troubled lande,
But how the cause thereof doth rise,
with wisedome bee it scande.
To heare the people crie,
and see their bare estate,
Would sure moue tears in any eye,
that doeth the countrey hate.
I can but wishe them well,
my duetie claims the same,
For that thei are our neighbors nere
and ought with equall name,
Like subiects liue with vs,
for since one, Prince wee haue,
One minde & maner should we shew,
good order that doeth craue.
The hande doeth loue the arme,

and

and arme with leggs agree,
And all the ioynts the bodie bears,
in perfite peace muſt bee:
So head ſhall well bee ſerude,
but where thoſe members iarre,
There wil burſt out ſome bold abuſe
ſome braule, or irkſom warre.
Though Irelande hath bin long,
in moſte vnquiet cace,
It wil be well, when God ſhall plant,
in peoples harts his grace:
I hope to ſee that daie,
and that in ſeaſon ſhort,
That my plain pen ſhall finde greate cauſe,
to yelde them good report.

FINIS.

THE TROBLES of Scotlande.

IF Flaunders, Fraunce,
or Portugall compare,
With Scotlande now,
for trobles, ſtraunge it were:
For that is ſoile,
of ſorrowe and of care,
And cheefeſt ſeate,
of ſadneſſe any where.
That ofte hath had, within it ſelf ſuche ſtoore,
As ſpoilde the lande, and kept the countrey poore:
And when that warrs, awhile had taken leaue.
(And woe bade want, to laie doune ſpeare and ſheelde:)
The one by ſleight, the other would deceaue,
And than ſharpe ſworde, ſhould plead the caſe in feelde.
Yea in the houſe, ſhort dagger did the deede,
When murther might, ſerue tyme or turne for neede:
And nouſled thus, thei were Godwot in blood,
In rage thei would, not ſpare, ne hye nor lowe:
Not one might buye, his life for worldly good,
If murthryng hands, were bent to giue the blowe:
Their hainous actes, ſufficient proofe doeth ſhowe,

I neede not name, the perſons thei haue ſlaine:
For ſlaughters crie, through higheſt clouds doeth goe,
And daiely craues, of God redreſſe againe.
The murtheryng minde, is neuer free from foe,
Nor ſure of freende, nor yet of life in fine,
But dwells in doubt, and liues like curſſed Caine:
O happie wight, that hath ſuche grace deuine,
That neuer will, his harte nor conſcience ſtaine,
With brothers blood: and bleſſed is that hedde,
And hand withall, that neuer blood did ſhedde.
Bothe beaſts and birds, will fall out ſondrie waies,
And ſtriue awhile, and yet at length agree;
But as thei waſte, their coller ſo decaies,
And cleane forgotte, the quarrells are you ſee,
Shall man, that hath, the reason to forbeare,
Bee worſe then beaſt: O God that fault forbid,
Shall mallice finde, a place and ſuccour there,
Where Gods greate gifts, ought lye like treaſure hid:
Shall harts of men, (the temple of the Lorde)
Lodge murther vile, and nouriſhe foule diſcorde.
Shall thoſe that knowes, what lawe & peace is worth,
Breake Lawe and Peace, and breede diſſention ſtill.
The tree is badde, that brynge ſuche braunches forth:
The hedds are vaine, that ſhowes no deeper ſkill,
The ground is nought, that breeds but ſcratting brers
And ſoile not good, where murther ſtill appers.

And yet the grounde, can beare no blame of this,
Mens harts vnsounde, turns many thyngs amis,
Or els the fate, that is from heauen sent,
And cruell course, of Planetts maie be cause:
That people are, to troubles daiely bent,
And so forgetts, good rule and wholsome lawes.
If Planetts could, woorke that effecte in man,
Where should Gods grace, haue force and vertue than:
It were a faulte, and errour wonders greate,
To trust or thinke, that Planetts could doe ought,
In man who taks, his force and kindly heate,
His forme and shape, his sence and feelyng thought,
From hym that sitts, aboue the Starrs and sees,
How Planetts moue, and how the worlde agrees.
Would God those soiles, where greatest iarrs haue bin,
And all the sorts, and people of the same:
Would from henceforthe, suche trade of life begin,
As in our worlde, might purchace endlesse fame.
For bloodie brauls, that hurlie burlie breeds,
With murthers foule, and treasons voide of feare,
Coms out of vice, and sprygngs from wicked seeds.
Thei are a drosse, and Darnell in good Corne:
A graceleſſe graine, that poisons man and beaste:
An open plague, a priuie prickyng thorne:
A bankette fine, to grace a filthie feaste:
A dishe of swill, dresse vp like daintie cheare:

A meſſe of brothe, that marrs the Dinner quite:
A colde conceite, of Cookrie bought full deare:
A conuyng knacke, of knaurie ſpicſte with ſpite:
A tricke newe learnde, beyonde the Alps I trowe:
A toye brought home, by thoſe that trauells farre:
A ſimple Snake, a ſmilyng ſuttell ſhrowe:
A ſigne of Peace, but grounde of greeuous warre.
What can be named, of all vile earthly thyngs,
But murthers reache, and monſtrous treaſon bryngs:
The lande that hath, amid his bowels bred,
This ſore diſeaſe, and will no medſon take:
Is ſure not well, and ſicke from feete to hed,
And of it ſelf, but ſmall account doeth make.
No ſtate can ſtande, where Justice bears no ſwaie,
The leggs are lame, that full of humours are:
The man muſt fall, that hath no certaine ſtate,
Where vertue wants, vice walks but thin and bare.
A patched waule, is ſhakte a ſonder ſtreight:
It laſts no while, that is ſet vp by ſleight:
Our Nature haets, the thyng that is not good:
And ſuche as halte, are ſpied by vpright ſence:
And kinde abhors, the blade embrued in blood:
Who ſtriks the weake, that can not make defence,
Dare not in feeld, a point to meete his foe.
Who macks a bande, to murther one alone,
Loues neither Prince, nor commonwealth I knowe:

And who delites, to here the giltleſſe grone,
Doeth beare mans ſhape, and Tygers nature ſhowe:
Well, let that paſſe, greate troubles maie a riſe,
In angrie worlde, that is diſpleaſde for nought:
But ſuche as fall, to murther are not wiſe,
Their witts can not, conceiue how man was wrought
Nor who regards, the wrongs good people haue:
Whils giltleſſe blood, a right reuenge doeth craue.

FINIS.

THE BLESSED
ſtate of Englande.

What bleſſed hap, and happie
daies,
our Kyngdome doeth poſſes,
the welth & peace that here
abounds
to worlde maie well expres:
What greater joye can people haue
than rest and riches bothe?
And many other fruitfull thyngs,
that on those braunches groweth.
What earthly fame, is like to this?
what wisedome can bee more?
Than ſhunne the broiels, that follie bryngs,
and laie vp wealthe in ſtore.
For warrs when cause commaunds the same,
what can wee wiſhe so well
Than, at a tyme of troubles greate,
in quiet house to dwell.
But waye a while with judging witte,

what woe our neighbours taſte:
What wealthe goes out, what worlds vnreſte
comes in with warre and waſte,
A luſtie brute, cries all for warre,
and suche as little haue:
With Princes paie, or poore mens goods,
would faine goe gaie and braue,
But taſtyng warrs, bothe he and more,
that buyes their knowledge dere,
That goes out well, coms home with loſſe,
and then reſts quiet here.
Cries out of warrs, finds fault with toile,
and truſts to that will laſte,
And so with sadde and heauie minde,
forgetts the labours paſte:
And faulls to take the ease we here
enioye, with peace at home.
A Iewell whiche full feawe ſhall finde,
that liſts abrode to rome.
For rounde about vs euery where,
the worlde so runs on wheels:

That we are bleſt that here no parte,
of their affliction feeles,
Here haue wee scope to skippe or walke,
to ronne and plaie at base:
Still voide of feare, and free of minde,
in euery poincte and cace.
Here freends maie meete and talke at will,
the Prince and Lawe obaied:
And neither ſtraunge, nor home borne childe,
of Fortune ſtands afraied.
Here hands doe reape the seeds thei sowe,
and heads have quiet ſleeps:
And wisedome gouerns so the worlde,
that reason order keeps.
Here mercie rules, and mildeneſſe raigns,
and peace greate plentie brynges:
And sollace in his sweeteſt voice,
the Chriſtmas carrowle syngs.
Here friends maie feast, and triumphe too,
in suertie voide of ill:
And one the other welcome make,

with mirthe and warme good will.
The grounde it bryngs such blessyng forthe,
that glad are forrains all:
Amid their want, and harde exſtreems,
in fauour here to faull.
Heer wounded ſtaets doe heale their harms,
and ſtraungers ſtill repaire;
When mischeef makes them marche abroad,
and driue them in dispaire.
Heer thousands haunt and finde releef,
that are in heauie cace:
And freendly folke with open armes,
doeth ſillie soules enbrace.
Heer thyngs are cheape, and eaſly had,
no soile the like can ſhowe:
No ſtate nor Kyngdome at this daie,
doeth in such plentie flowe.
The trau'lar that hath paſte the worlde,
and gone through many a lande:
When he comes home, and noets these thyngs,
to heauen holds vp hande:

And

And museth how this little plotte,
can yeeld suche pleasures greate:
It argues where suche graces growe,
that God hath bleſt the seate.
Bothe Prince and people euery one,
and where his bleſſyng is,
There neither wants no earthly ioye,
nor hope of heauens blis.
This ILE, is Kirnell of the Nutte,
and those that neare vs dwell,
(Our forraine neighbours rounde about,)
I counte them but the ſhell:
That holdeth in this Kirnell sweete,
as Nature hath aſsiende.
And as some ſhells worme eaten are,
yet Kirnell sounde we finde:
So sondrie soils, about this Ile,
are crackt, and croſhte ye knowe:
With furies rage, and force that fills
their countrey full of woe.
Whiche force of men, or rage of warre,

maeks calme the lookers on:
And bids wiſe heads, to quenche hotte fire,
and ſtande as colde as ſton.
When ſtrief would ſtorre vp quiet ſtate,
to ſtriue for feeble ſtrawes:
And leaue the loue of countries zeale,
and holde with forraine cause.
O ENGLANDE, thou art bleſt in deede,
thy necke is free from yoke:
Thy armes are ſtrong, thy body sounde,
and in good howre be spoke,
Thy youth and age haue able ioynts,
to trie thy cause in feelde:
And as that now in troublous tymes,
the Lorde hath been thy ſheelde.
So looke when comes in, cunnyng knacks,
thy whole account is made,
That plainnes ſhall make finenes feele,
the weight of Bilbowe blade.
More bleſſed than thy neighbours all,
by proof thou art as yet:

More

More likely art thou by that cause,
in peace and reſte to ſit.
More good in season haſt thou doen,
than thousands well can waye:
Moſt happie is thy ſtate therefore,
and surer ſtands thy ſtaye.
Than maieſt thou be the Kirnell sweete,
that many wiſh to haue:
But none can spoile, nor scarce dare touche,
suche grace greate God thee gaue.
That garde ſhall keepe the Kirnell long,
from worme and wicked foile:
And send good fortune sondrie waies,
vnto this blessed soile.

FINIS.